


COCINELLE — The French Soldier Who Became a Chorus Girl

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J


em, to a roll of the Mambo drums

introduces a comedy in four acts,

entitled "What Fur?"



Onward, gents, which is not hard because this is the first page...▶

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a strapless white fur skirt and white high-heeled shoes, is posing on a light blue background. She is leaning forward, looking back over her shoulder with a smile, and wearing white gloves.

Jently, we inquire...

"..Can two & two make fur?"



Jenerously, &

Jingerly We take the long view on this beautiful girl...



J entlemen,

do you

prefur this?

J

imini Crickets, or this?



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Before ▲
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Don't miss the chance of a lifetime! Let me prove to you — at my own expense — that I can do for you what I did for Jack Delinger and other champions! Rush me the coupon for your FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. It's filled with training secrets, exercises, heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only for males between 13 and 65, who are in normal good health.

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you're skinny or fat, short or tall, office-worker, laborer, school boy, or businessman, I'll prove to you that I can make a new virile he-man out of you . . . and help build inner strength that will give you that Adonis look women admire and men envy. Make me prove it . . . and at my own expense! Mail the coupon for my ★ FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER ★ T-O-D-A-Y!

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



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Trainer of
★ Champions ★



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Diamond Dust

YOU MAY not be quite ready to start a new season as you read this, but Jem Dandy is. He's well into his second year as—we hope—your favorite pixish guide through a pixy world of fact, fiction and femininity.

It's possible, we concede, that this is your first encounter with J.D. If so, our heart bleeds in sympathy: we cannot urge you to write in for previous issues because even J.D. has only one dog-eared copy of each preceding JEM to his name, and each one of those is guarded like the diamonds whose dust is sprinkled herein.

But be of stout heart. Look *forward*, man. When you contemplated the delights herewith assembled by J.D., you may rest assured there will be more of the same on your newstand ere the mon has gone full cycle, whatever that means.

(Continued on page 55)



WOLFBAIT

By V. R. FRANCIS

ONCE UPON a time there was a little sexboat named Red Riding Hood. She had a come-hither smile, a skirt you could see through, a dislike for underwear, and a thirty-eight inch bust: this made her very popular with the local wolves.

One sunny day Red decided to walk over the river and through the woods to grandmother's house. Granny had been feeling somewhat under the weather, and Red thought a carton of cold beer might cheer up the old biddy. So she put on her come-hither smile, the skirt you could see through, and a low-cut peasant blouse. Then, with the beer tucked under one pink arm, she started out.

Except for the whistles of admiration that always accom-

panied her journeys, especially during a high wind, the trip was uneventful for about half the distance. Then a red Jaguar convertible pulled up beside her and stopped, and a wolf in a plaid sports jacket, green beret, and dark glasses leared at her from the cockpit.

"Greetings, babydoll," he drooled, patting the seat beside him with a practised hand. "How's about a ride into the wild blue yonder, just you and me and that old devil moon?"

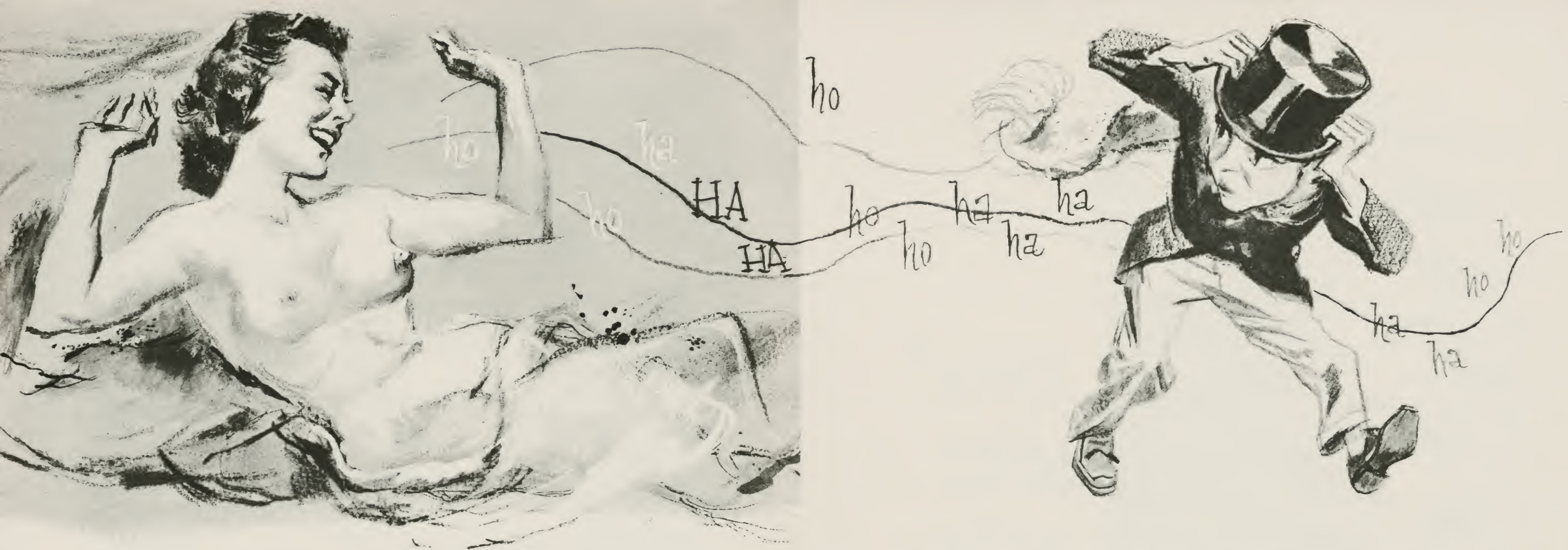
"Thank you very much, kind sir," Red said, pulling back her shoulders and turning her best profile, "but I gotta take this booze over to Granny's."

Then she swivel-hipped away. (Continued on page 50)



WITCHES TALE
BROOM & BOARD

ON PAGE 10



So many people talk about “witches” without knowing what they’re talking about that we decided to do something to rectify the situation. At great expense, we contacted Beulah Broome, a professional witch, and asked her to write her life story for us. Herewith, the authentic, never-before-printed story of the life and times of a witch.

BROOM and BOARD

By R. FRED ARNOLD

MY NAME is Beulah Broome. I am a witch. I wasn’t always a witch, of course. Witches are made, not born — well, but that’s another story.

I started out in life as a simple girl, from simple folks. My father ran a tea shoppe in Coffeyville, Kans. (He wanted to start a coffee shoppe in Teaville, Kans., but there isn’t any such place.) I had a happy childhood in Coffeyville, and I seemed like a nice, normal girl. Of course, I did have a great taste for biting little

boy’s necks, but my mother decided that was due to some dietary deficiency and none of us worried about it, least of all me.

I went to grade school and high school in Coffeyville, getting very good marks. And I was thinking of becoming a teacher—all those little boys bitable necks!—but then something very odd happened.

It was late at night and I had just returned from a date. He kissed me good night and I cast hungry eyes on his neck. But he was too

hairy, so I just nipped him a little on the chin.

“Ouch,” he cried. He lost his temper and slapped me. “You witch!”

The second he uttered that word, I heard a strange whirring sound and there was a blinding flash of light and I seemed to hear a far-off cackling laugh. It was all over in a second—but when I looked for my date, he was lying dead on the front porch with a look of shock and fear on his face.

I didn’t think much about the incident—the coroner returned a verdict of death by reason of heart failure, which was good of him—and went on about my daily life.

Only a week later, my Aunt Sophie wanted to borrow my blue-net evening gown and I said no. (I just never did like my Aunt Sophie.) She slapped me and called me a witch and the same thing happened—the whirring noise, the flash of light, the cackling laughter and then, boom, a dead aunt.

That worried me. Not that I missed Aunt Sophie, but I thought maybe the whirring noise was symptomatic of something wrong with my ears. I consulted a physician. He dropped dead

when he found I had no blood pressure or pulse whatsoever. Now I really was worried. But I didn’t have to worry for long.

During the next night, while I tossed and turned in my bed trying to get to sleep, I heard the noise again and the laughter. No flash of light, though. And the whirring and laughter grew louder and suddenly, seated on the edge of my bed, was a witch. At least, I imagined it was a witch.

She had on a peaked hat and long, grey robes. There was a broom clutched in her hand. But, far from being the weather-beaten hag pictured in the usual drawings of witches, she was a beauty. The grey robes fitted tight over a voluptuous figure. The peaked hat made her long face and laughing eyes seem even more beautiful.

“Hi-ya, witchey,” she said to me.

“Hello, there,” I answered. Strangely, I had no fear.

“I’m here to welcome you into the IWW—International Witch Workers. We’ve had our eye on you for years, sister. You’re a natural—you’ll make a

(Continued on page 53)



THIS WAS A MAN?

Meet Coccinelle –
born Charles
Dufrenoy, but who
adopted life as a
girl through the
miracles of
surgery.



You may think this is a spoof or not, as you please, But these pictures were taken in France of the ravishing Coccinelle, and submitted with copies of articles in Paris newspapers and documentary evidence that the young lady was born as a male. Once a soldier, Coccinelle has gone in for more feminine pursuits, and now is an entertainer who sings and dances in top night-clubs. From a sociological and aesthetic standpoint we congratulate Coccinelle: he looks better here than she did in uniform.





Indubitably feminine at this date, Coccinelle plans to invade the U.S. nightclub scene very shortly. She seems well equipped for the task.





**Students of anatomy may well ponder
the changes which befall during a change of sex. If any
readers of this magazine wish to address any inquiries to
the Editors, we suggest that they drop the whole idea instantly.**

The Quipping Post... *invites you to test your matchmaking skills*

**ARE YOU A BACKSLAPPER?
OR ARE YOU A BOSOM FRIEND?**



No matter. Here's your chance to make a match with each of these young ladies. The *rules*: For each girl's face, there is somewhere on this spread a matching part of her body — foot, hand, bosom, or other unexplored territory. The *challenge*: 1) If you can get them all matched up in three minutes, with only one error, you're OK, mister. 2) If it takes you two minutes, with no error, you're a little two sharp for comfort. 3) If it takes you only thirty seconds, better turn yourself over to the cops. Jem Dandy has arranged a wonderful prize for those finishing the quiz in fast time. If you do, we absolutely guarantee that as a result of matching these pictures, you'll live a fuller and richer life.



WIN

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

Mail the coupon below with ten box tops (any brand will do). If you are lucky, you will receive nothing. If you are unlucky, you will receive a gift which no one has paid for. A free trial will bring the police to your door in only 30 days. Act immediately!

THE RULES:

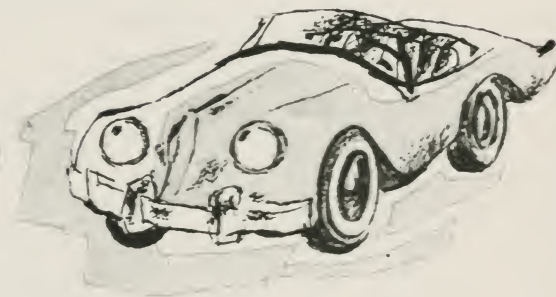
WIN

*A bottle of L'amour
perfume \$800 per ounce for
the right answers*



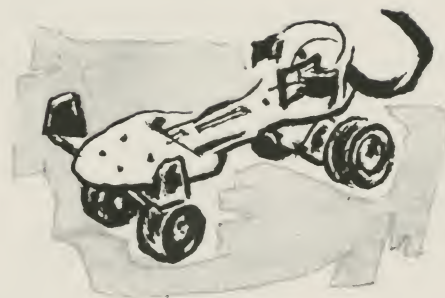
WIN

*An Alfa-Romeo sportscar, designed
for Herman Goering, but he
never could swing it...*



WIN

*A gold-plated roller-skate,
memoir of the Prince of Wales'
early years*



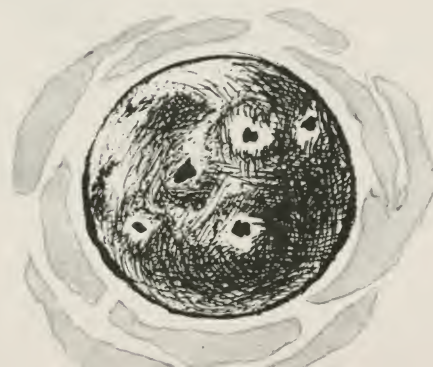
WIN

*The identical can of beer (opened)
presented by King Alfonso to Queen
Alfonsa when she was thirsty*



WIN

*A globulated sapphire from
the Kahn's treasure-house,
for the right number*



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TOPS**

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ADDRESS.....

PLANET..... **TODAY**



Scrambled shoes
and
Gloves,
with
a dash
of Pepper



JEM DANDY'S FOOD AND ALE DEPT

(We've told YOU and we've told YOU! The recipes and assorted concoctions herein are real. Only the names of Lady R., revenue agents and other free-loaders have been changed to protect J.D.'s rights to watch the third run of *Dragnet*.)



THE WITCH was on the broom and the pumpkin on the vine when we made our rendezvous one fine October night with Lady Rounseville, she having just returned from England via BOAC (Brooms of Allied Countries).

Although we were all a-thirst for a fine autumn evening at the local family pub, with eager thoughts of quaffing draughts of brown October ale whilst harmonizing to an old madrigal of the same persuasion, Lady R. blew a laugh of scorn into our mug.

"Some foam, hey kid?" we muttered through the suds.

"Anhanhanhnh," she whined back through the ricochet of foam (she'd been listening to the album of "My Fair Lady" too much), "and 'ow abaht a bit o' somethin' more braycin' for an old witch?"

Before we could knock for Knickerbocker, she had knocked up an old friend (honest to Postmaster General, that's what they say in England when they ring you up on the phone) and had us invited to an old-fashioned broomstick party.

Well, she *said* it was old fashioned. We caught the next balloon ascension northbound from Hoboken and before you could say Jack we landed in the midst of an estate called Robinson. As our basket hit the ground we could hear a chorus of what sounded like:

"When the red, red apple

"Goes snap-snap-snapple

"A-a-long . . ."

Actually, when we got closer it turned out to be the local natives bob-bob-bobbin' for apples in the applejack, and a mighty fine October sport *that* is!

The nicest part is that it doesn't matter if you never get an apple. Just swallow once in a while, and even Lady R. looks as if she, well, as if, oh well, *that* takes an awful lot of applejack.

There are many, many ways to get applejack, by the way. The easiest is to go to your local spirits merchant and ask for it. But anybody can do that. The challenge is to make it yourself. This is illegal, so we won't describe the process except to say that you need (a) a lot of apples (b) a lot of squeezing (c) a place to bury the squeezings for the winter so they'll freeze, thus separating the apple juice from the alcohol (or applejack), which doesn't freeze and (d) the fortitude to let the unfrozen jack ripen a bit in a charred oaken cask until the Jersey lightning has drawn its bolt.

When it has mellowed sufficiently, it is much too good to pour into a tub with bobbing

apples. It should be sipped straight, a-la Eric Maria Ramarque in a bleached trench coat quaffing Calvados, or it should be sipped in a chilled cocktail glass in the classic—excuse it, we were bobbing too long—classic drink called (1) the Jack Rose and (2) the Pink Lady.

Lady R. having turned pink from her abolutions in the apple tub, our host, Mr. Robinson, turned to a lacky named Ike Norris (we refuse to mention the International Sparring Commission) and bade him stir up the following to match our lady's complexion:

Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon or lime
4 dashes of Grenadine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce Applejack
White of an egg
1 ounce Gin
Shake with cracked ice and strain

It turned out Lady R. was a native of the Isle of Jersey, and thus resented the idea of calling a Jack Rose (Continued on page 52)





THE WATERFALL

By MORGAN IVES

In the act of becoming a woman, her future was decided

THE LADY SYBIL, fifteen years old and as frail as a branch of willow, stood at the edge of an enclosed courtyard, staring with pensive dark eyes into the valley flooded with August moonlight. A low wall of stone, barely knee-high, was the only protection dividing the court where she stood from a steep, sheer chilly dampness that rose from the waterfall far below, seemed to tremble hotly in the tumid, scented moonlight of the summer night, cut through with the strange and hazardous cliff that dropped away sharply to a raging, foaming torrent of white water five hundred feet below. The heat, the muffled roar of water beneath her, and her young body, and twisted a thick lump in her throat, a feeling that was like hunger or thirst—a hunger, so great that it was pain, for something she had never known.

Love? No—her waiting-women chattered and squealed of love continually, whispering, giggling confidences of furtive kisses and touches, of seeking hands in darkness, of courtly verses and songs. For a little while Sybil had fancied that it was, indeed, love for which she hungered; but as confidences had grown more specific, they had evoked neither excitement nor eagerness, but a shudder of revulsion and disgust. What—she, Sybil Marceau, the delicate, and queenly little sister of the Lord Ludovic, as lonely and as perfect as a single star, to surrender herself to these hungry indecencies? To swoon in the arms of some effete page, some clumsy esquire, to lend herself to secret kissings, fumbling fingers, whispered lovewords in the corridor outside the chapel? No. And no. The hunger in her was like a burning fire seeking fuel, and these huggings and clutchings were damp and earthy, smothering instead of feeding the flame. She looked down at the white water that coursed and plunged and raced, throwing up silvery spray so far beneath her that the water seemed all one whiteness in the moonlight, and suddenly imagined herself flying, falling through that vast space, into the race and torrent; being whirled, (Continued on page 55)



EXPOSED AT LAST ... *THE GILTY PAIR!*



Advice to the Loveworn

By DON WAN

WE SEEM to be living in a climate of fear, that, unfortunately, even extends into the romantic realm where I function. People are afraid of everything—wars, taxes, death, the high cost of loving—but the boys and girls I come in contact with all seem to be afraid of one thing. They worry about getting fat.

I tell them, "Don't worry about it, do something about it," which is rather remarkable advice, I feel. I have done something about it, and I thought you all might be interested in the Don Wan Diet, or How to Lose Seven

Pounds and Influence People.

Most diets miss fire because they do one of two things wrong—they either starve you and you wind up looking like a corpse, or else they are too dainty and you get so hungry you eat more than ordinarily.

The Don Wan Diet is different. You eat enough, but not too much. It's all in the scientific selection of foods, giving you the food values you need. (I also approve of keeping your dining room table on a very level floor, thus insuring a well-balance table.)

Here is my diet, day by day:



MONDAY: Breakfast consists of sauerkraut juice with a twist of zucchini rind, two soft-boiled onions, a slice of raisin-bread toast (just eat the raisins, throw away the bread) and a cup of coffee without sugar, cream or coffee. Lunch is a salad meal—on a bed of cabbage leaves, place sliced artichoke hearts, cover with a dressing made from vinegar, salt and axle grease. Dinner starts off with Cream of Garlic soup, dotted with alphabet letters spelling out **YOU'RE FAT, FAT, FAT**. Then there's filet of caribou, French fried wax beans, and succotash, without the tash. Dessert is a parfait made from whipped cream, ice cream, chocolate syrup and strawberries, Eat the strawberries and, for roughage, the glass.

TUESDAY: Same.

WEDNESDAY: Same.

THURSDAY: Same.

FRIDAY: Same. (If, for reasons of your religious faith, you can't eat caribou, substitute filet of barracuda.)

SATURDAY: Same.

SUNDAY: If you're still alive, the same.

Monday morning, look at yourself in the mirror. See that speck over there in the center? That's cute little you, skinny.

* * * *

And now, to answer some of my voluminous mail:

Dear Mr. Wan:

I tried your diet. And I just want to tell you—I'm sorry, I'm too weak to finish.

LITTER CASE

Dear Litter Case:

Always glad to be of service.

* * * *



Dear Mr. Wan:

I'm a college boy and I've been laboring under the delusion that college boys should date—and, eventually, marry—college girls. It seems fitting that that is the case. But the other night I went out with some of the boys in the fraternity house and we met some town girls. I got to meet a blatantly sexy chick who is a waitress by persuasion. She's pretty ignorant of cultural things—she thinks that Lord Byron is a calypso singer, for instance—but, wow, can she make love! I'm very interested in her, and contemplate marriage. What do you think?

HIGH, Highbrow

Dear High, Highbrow:

Brains are nice to have around the house, but if all you want out of a wife is someone to share your love-making hobby, it doesn't make any difference what her IQ is. However, there's more to marriage than love. There is, for example, income taxes. At income tax time, it helps to have a wife who knows all the underhanded deductions you can take. My advice is to keep your waitress friend around for laughs, but don't marry her. One of these years, her charms will go up in a puff of obesity, then, if she's



Mrs. Hugh Highbrow, you'll be stuck for a hefty divorce and alimony bill. If she's just a good friend, you can pay her off with a relatively inexpensive diamond clip and be scot free.

* * * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a waitress and I always figured I'd marry a waiter one of these years and stay with my own kind. But the other night I met a college boy who is tall, dark and intelligent. We made beautiful music together. Now he wants to marry me. What do you think?

TRAY GAY

Dear Tray Gay:

There's no reason at all why a waitress can't marry a college boy and the two live happily ever after. Actually, being a waitress is grand background for the wife of a professional man—when he can't make a living, you can always go back to work, since you have a trade. So marry the guy, enjoy yourself, live it up.

P.S. Don't read the answer to the preceding question. If you've already read it, (Continued on page 49)



"The Eyes have it"

UNDER normal conditions, a good photographer does everything possible to keep his subject from looking into the lens. That "watch the birdie" look went out with the daguerrerotype. But once in awhile, along comes an imp with lamps worth looking into, and so the picture man changes his technique. Try this little game: look this little dame straight in the eye in every one of these pictures. By the time you're through you'll realize that you've had quite a conversation with her. And what she's saying, gentlemen, is not for one of tender years, or ears, for that matter.





KILLERS OF PARIS ...

By AL MAYER

I COULD never understand why Mata Hari was shot. The French do not like to execute women, no matter what the crime. Perhaps it was because she was not French, or maybe because World War I was raging and life was cheap. But it went against the sentimentalism toward women criminals that is a French trait, a sentimentalism that is reflected in the bloodiest pages of her history.

It is a matter of record that when Charlotte Corday stabbed the revolutionist Jean Paul Marat to death in his bathtub during the Reign of Terror and was guillotined for it, one of the mob picked up the bloody head from the basket and slapped her face. Indignant at this act, the mob seized the offender, rushed him to the guillotine and

chopped his head off on the spot.

I have written in previous articles about playboys, gay blades squanderers, rouses, reprobates and assorted characters both male and female who helped to make the City of Paris the gayest and most fascinating capital in the world. But behind the gaiety, laughter and glamor, lay a grimmer Paris.

The French police system supported by the famed La Surete is one of the most efficient in the world, and its most puzzling and difficult cases are "murder for profit" and lone wolf operators. The case of the Mad Bomber of New York City who operated alone for sixteen years before he was apprehended takes a back seat to a French combina-

KILLERS of PARIS



tion of both murder for profit and lone wolf operation which lasted twenty-two years before the police finally got to the bottom of it.

Hortense LaHonte was a buxom woman with natural rosy cheeks which the French call "pommettes" (little apples). She was a cheerful soul with a good word for everybody who enjoyed doing her neighbors all sorts of small favors. She lived quietly with her husband in Melun, near Paris, where they operated a small farm. After four years of marriage her husband died. He left her a small annuity which, with the income from her farm, was sufficient to provide her with a modest living.

Still a young woman, desirable in her way, her friends expected her to re-marry. When they asked her about it, she readily admitted correspondence with a Lonely Heart's Club, and that perhaps some day, the right man would come along. Hortense's "murder for profit" was the age-old Lonely Hearts Club idea, but as operated by this mass murderess had far more finesse and a macabre sense of humor.

Among young people wishing to marry, it was customary in France for the parents of the bride and groom to place an equal sum of money in

trust for them. After the sum had been agreed upon by both parties, there followed a ceremony known as the "civil marriage," usually presided over by the Mayor of the town along with lawyers representing both sides who drew up the proper contracts.

This system preceded by many years our modern old age pensions, social security and other forms of benefits, and nearly always worked out very well. Known as the "dot" system, it is still practised in many parts of Europe.

Hortense LaHonte based her operations on the "dot" system with this difference: she dispensed with the "civil marriage." At her trial she told the story how she poisoned twenty prospective husbands without showing emotion or remorse. Completely detached in her recital, she might have been telling about something which happened to someone else instead of herself.

Her cold-bloodedness sent shivers down the spine of the courtroom spectators. Here was carefully planned mass murder, strictly for money to provide pleasure, clothes and good living for its oversexed perpetrator.

She admitted that the seeds of murder blossomed into reality soon after the death of her mate. Her husband,

she said, had built an enormous tank in their cellar; it has a secret which he would tell her about later, but he didn't live to say what the secret was. Now, in her mind, she envisaged a definite use for it.

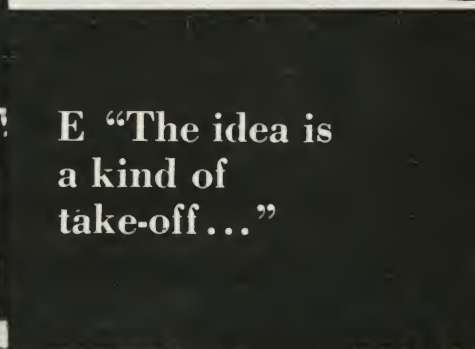
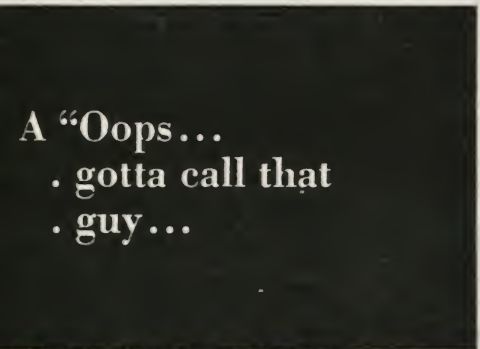
Her plan was really quite simple. She proceeded to put it into action with methodical care to make it foolproof as possible. Once a week she went to Paris. At first she returned to Melun the same day but as time went on she extended her visits to weekends and sometimes longer. Her friends nodded heads knowingly, no doubt she had a lover in Paris they said. They saw no harm in that. She was young, attractive in a buxom sort of way and had a right to enjoy life.

But Hortense didn't have a lover. Instead she had an attractive apartment in a quiet respectable neighborhood, cosily furnished, the sort of place in which a man in the autumn of life would be happy to relax. She then inserted an advertisement in the columns of a Parisian newspaper representing herself as a widow fairly well-to-do seeking a companion in like circumstances and so on.

A gifted psychologist when the art was comparatively new, she made no mistakes in (Continued on page 51)



MONOLOGUE in a PHONE BOOTH ...



B "Woke you up? You don't say!"

D "You think I should tell you?"

C "That gives me an idea..."

F "If you'll step out here, you'll see what I mean..."



*'What's that NO,
you can't
send anyone...*





*"There's a bare
chance you'd
be suprised" ...*





*"Whoops!
somebody coming!"...*

*"What a
lovely thing to say"...*

*"Your
coming right over?"*





"I'll hold the line 'til you arrive, dear..."



CLASSIC REWRITE...

The Jumping Toad

A LONG with Wilkie Collins, Edgar Allan Poe is credited with having set the pace for the modern spate of murder, mystery and detective stories. To match the bewitched mood of this issue Jem Dandy prefers Poe and his addiction to bugs, black cats and human oddities, which accounts for this transformation of one of Poe's moods of mayhem into a 20th Century Guys-and-Dolls underworld setting.

It is coming on winter a few years back, which is to say it is on the cusp of the season of melan-

choly, and I am standing on the corner of 48th and Big Street, minding my own business.

As a matter of fact, I am keeping a wary eye out for witches, cabbies with meters on their brooms and kindered folk, and I am wistfully hoping some old chum will turn up with the price of a beer into which I can weep, and thus I do not see Tony the Toad approaching.

Now it is a well-established habit up and down the Stem that when Tony approaches, normal citizenry tend (Continued on page 48)

BED and BETTER





NOW: LOSE UGLY FAT FAST!! WITHOUT STARVATION DIET, DANGEROUS DRUGS OR INCONVENIENCE!

DON'T BE LEFT OUT OF GOOD TIMES

Being overweight can deprive you of fun, pleasure and romance! You can lose out on many of the good times normal weight people enjoy. Being fat can make you feel embarrassed, ill at ease and may lessen your chances for social and business opportunities. Overweight can be dangerous too! Doctors say that millions of fat people in this country are more likely to suffer from heart disease, diabetes, kidney, liver and digestive disturbances than people of average weight. Don't let this happen to you! Lose your overweight now! Give yourself a chance to look and feel healthier and more vigorous again.

There's only one way to reduce

You can do yourself real harm trying to reduce on a starvation diet. This may weaken your system, deprive it of nourishment and leave you more susceptible to sickness. And — then you don't always obtain permanent re-

duction this way either. Sooner or later you may go off your diet and grow more dangerously fat than before. But — there is a safe and scientific way to reduce. A way to maintain strength and body, nourishment while losing weight; a way to help you to control the parts of the body from which weight is lost so that you can re-establish firm body tone and get permanent results. This way is the Weider 3 Way Reducing Plan. It is medically approved. It helps you to lose overweight fast!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

You Get All This When You Follow The Weider 3-Way Reducing Plan

1) You receive a supply of our medically approved Reduce Aid Food Supplement, containing Lipotropic Factors hailed by doctors as a modern, safe and sure method of weight reduction.

2) You DON'T STARVE yourself while reducing! You receive a free course of instructions telling you exactly how to eat wholesomely, more than enough to satisfy normal hunger and to maintain strength, yet you can lose pounds a day.

3) Scientific course helps you to control where you lose weight. You receive a simple course of approved reducing exercises which you can follow to help you lose weight from the hips, upper thighs, waist — exactly where it forms the heaviest and where you want to rid yourself of it most. Only 10 minutes a day is required to follow these pleasant exercises which help you to acquire an attractive appearance when you reduce.

The Weider 3-Way Reducing Plan gives you all these reducing essentials. . . . Guaranteed to correct every case of overweight not due to organic disturbances or money refunded!

THE NEW
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REDUCING
AID



FREE!
COMPLETE
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REDUCING
INSTRUCTIONS

PROOF! It Works!!



BEFORE



AFTER

Maurice Bourcier was 100 pounds overweight, suffered from shortness of breath, was ridiculed by others, turned down for an insurance policy BEFORE following the Weider 3 Way Reducing Plan. Six months later he had LOST his fat, was living an enjoyable, flab-free life and had passed a tough insurance examination. Here's your living proof that the Weider 3 Way Reducing Plan really works!

GUARANTEE:

Weider Reduce Aid Supplement must help you to lose dangerous overweight safely, quickly, without harmful drugs, inconvenience, or weakening diet—OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

MAIL THIS COUPON
NOW!

LOSE-WEIGHT

801 Palisade Ave., Union City, N. J.

Dept J

Gentlemen:—You bet I want to lose weight fast and safely without a starvation diet or harmful drugs. I want to try your 3-Way Reducing Plan. Send me the following size bottle of Weider Reduce Aid Supplement. (check which).

- ☐ 100 Tablets. 1 month supply for \$3.50
- ☐ 300 Tablets. 3 month supply for \$9.00 (We suggest the ECONOMY 3 month supply for best results.)
- ☐ Check here if you want the FREE Reducing Course too.

Name

Address

City Zone State

No COD's. Postage extra. Add \$50 for one month size and \$.75 for 3 month package if you want us to prepay postage.

IN CANADA:—Order from Better Health Products, 4466 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada.



to hunker up in their coat collars, even under the dulcet spirits of springtime. In the melancholy season it is worse, for although Tony is always good for the price of a brew his tears are most likely to land in your glass, and alert parties are swift to flee at the approach of his shadow.

On this fall evening, however, I am taken unawares and do not have time to slither into a blind alley before Tony has put the arm on me and commanded my presence at Blintzy's for bagels and borscht.

While I would ordinarily be more than happy at the prospect of somebody else picking up the tab for such delicacies, inasmuch as I am having a case of the shorts at the time, I must admit I am somewhat less than delighted that my host turns out to be Tony, even though he is free with his orders for beer and even stronger spirits.

The trouble with Tony is that while the price is always right when he is around, it is like being entertained by a pall bearer. It is not that he is built as short, shrivelled and twisted as a pawnshop suit in a thunderstorm. Nor is it that he is — or was — by profession a jester in the royalty of the Bif Street's nether-netherland.

It is just that when he is off the jester duty he makes a melancholy Dane look like a laughing heyena by comparison, although it is known he is able to put Fat (the Bankroll) John into a convulsive state of mirth during working hours, which are likely to be at the whimsy of Fat John's command.

However, most of us, especially characters like me who do not go about looking for trouble, accept Tony the Toad as he is. None of us is anxious to incur the rath of Tony's employer, who is known all up and down the street and even in Brooklyn to be nervous on the trigger finger and to carry a loaded Betsy to boot at all times.

Moreover, we do not go around putting our noses in Tony's business to find out why he is such a buffola during office hours and such an embalmer at other times. For while he lives up to his monicker, the Toad, in nearly every way except perhaps for the fact he is not very adept at hopping, he is a likeable fellow, what with being quick to pick up a marker and one thing and another.

At the time Tony corners me on this October evening I do not know

that I am about to become privy to one of the greatest acts since Hollywood figured out how Jean d'Arc could burn her steak and eat it, too. I am merely hoping he will suggest beer with the bagels and not weep on both of them.

Thus it comes about I am sitting in a booth at Blintzy's wishing it were like the old days in Hoboken, when suddenly I realize Tony the Toad is inviting me to be a witness at some sort of royal shenanigans.

"Tomorrow night," he is saying, "there is to be a real old-fashioned hoe-down at Fat John's. He is inviting one and all, and a few others, besides, and the idea is that it is to be a royal court costume party. Fat John is to be dressed like King Kong and Little Fat and Jelly Belly, who as you well know are his chief of state and prosecuting attorney, if you will pardon my references to the law, will be dressed accordingly."

At this point Tony looks sadder than ever, and I am afraid he is going to float the table in tears before I can order another glass of brew, so I hastily intercede.

"And how about you, Tony?" I ask, soliticiously.

"Now that you mention it," he says, blotting his eyes with a bagel, "I am to be in my usual role as jester — except that this time I must dress for it. That's where you come in."

Right at this moment I am choking on a beet in my borscht, what with being overcome at the idea of being party to such a royal ruckus, and I barely have time to flag the waiter for another beer before Tony is continuing:

"What I mean," he says "is that for this imbroglia I am going to put on the greatest act in the history of Fat John, or even anybody named John, for that matter, and I wish a reliable witness to blab it about here and there for all posterity."

Before I can say Sugar Ray Robinson, or even Jack Norris, Tony the Toad is explaining that I am elected to be his assistant at the party and that I am to do what he says, which is as near as I can figure it consists of tissing chopped-up Christmas tree snow on the three Fatsos — Fat John, Little Fat and Jelly Belly — when Tony gives me the office.

Although I do not consider this exactly a picnic, nor even a role that will command attention on Ed Sullivan's

Sunday night vaudeville revival meeting, I am willing to go along, inasmuch as at the moment I innocently figure a word from Tony in the wrong places could lead me to a concrete submarine cruise down the East River. What is more, as I have pointed out, when Tony is on the premises, the price is right.

So on the following night I present myself at the Armsminster Arms, a West Side hovel where Fat (the Bankroll) John occupies a triplex apartment complete with shooting gallery and a living room styled after the Roxy theatre. I present the credentials given me by Tony, and outside of the fact I am hustled to the rear entrance, I have no trouble at all and before I can stash a magnum of champagne into my greatcoat I am cornered by Tony, who is speaking to me most earnestly in these words:

"This is what you have to remember. I will prepare the fatted calves — what I mean is, the Fat Ones — for the act any minute now. They are going to appear in monkey suits, and when I say monkey suits I am not fooling; they are going to look like apes, which may be gilding the lily, indeed, but that is besides the point. They think it will scare the pants off the guests even more than if they appeared normally, which is with a roscoe in each hand. And then, as jester, I am supposed to capture them and wrap them in the chains of the big chandelier in the living room, which as you can see will be the greatest switcheroo of all time."

Even Tony the Tiad can see at this point that I am looking puzzled, so he hastens to add:

"Now this is where your part comes in. As I wrap the three Fatsos in the chain, you are sprinkling them liberally with this holiday froo-froo. Sprinkle them well, and keep your wits about you. For the chandelier chain will suddenly begin rising, and they will rise with it. It is a lovely trick, but do not remain on the premises for the climax, which, I must admit in all modesty, is the greatest. Flee for your life and meet me on the bar car of the 12:35 for Philadelphia. I will buy you a beer. Several of them, in fact."

Before long there is a great fanfare, and Fat (the Wallet) John and his chiefs of staff, Little Fat and Jelly Belly, are waddling into the room like great apes, only more so. The audience is properly impressed, not daring to be otherwise, and emits the proper oh's

and ah's, and Fat John and Company run about creating assorted hysteria until they are suddenly together under the chandelier, whereupon Tony the Toad loops them with chain, as promised.

This brings howls of glee from the captive audience, just as if a boss on the outside had told a story at the office Christmas party, and what with clapping themselves on the shanks they are not prepared for what happens next.

Tony, who is scampering up the chandelier chain at this point, gives me a furious signal, and I start tossing the yuletide confetti on the captives. At the moment, I am so naive as to hope they will remember my part in the act.

I am not so naive, however, as to not start inching my way to the exit, and as I leave I am frozen momentarily by an awesome sight.

The chandelier is rising.

The three Fatsos, which I am no longer afraid to call them, are rising

with it.

And on the chain above them, dancing with a lighted torch, is Tony the Toad.

It is a matter of seconds before Tony drops the torch and the three Fatsos are masses of flame. It is, indeed, a spectacle to remember, and nobody in the audience is paying any attention to me as I slip down the back stairs, two at a time. Who, for that matter, is paying any attention to Tony, scrambling up the chain and through a trapdoor in the ceiling?

The 12:35 for Philadelphia is leaving on time and I am making it by chasing it out of the station, and I am so unnerved as to consider buying my own beer when I discover that Tony the Toad is already across the table from me.

He has with him at the time a blonde who would stop Stupefyn' Jones in her tracks, and while I am amazed at the blonde I am even more amazed, to say the yeast, at what Tony has

to say.

"This," he imparts, "is Mrs. Tony. I am putting on tonight's show because Fat John and company kept trying to prive to her they are so big."

The blonde starts giggling at this point.

"But they sure can't hop like Tony the Toad," she says, putting giggles into words.

I am mulling this over and hoping for another beer as the train slows for Jersey City and Tony hops up, with the blonde right beside him and ready to move, too.

At this point I am too amazed to get up, but I accept a package Tony leaves me as he disappears.

It is a package of Christmas snow, dated several years back, and it says: CAUTION — Keep Away from Open Flame!"

With the Fatsos in the fire, I figured it best to go on to Philadelphia — or even Pittsburgh.

• • •

Advice To The Loveworn (Continued from page 29)

forget it. If you don't forget it, just remember one cardinal rule of people who write columns like this — "Don't know what you're talking about, but be positive anyhow."

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

Seventeen years ago, I met a girl and we got engaged. Then she went off to sea (she's a mate, by trade) and was gone sixteen years. Got back a few months ago. I hardly recognized her. She has two bulls-eyes tattooed on her chest, she smokes a pipe, she has muscles as big as grapefruits and she curses. I still love her though, but wonder about our life together. Can she settle down? What kind of a mother would she be? How could I introduce her to my friends? Let me know your opinion, please.

LANDLUBBER

Dear Landlubber:

Are you sure of this woman? In the first place, are you sure she's a woman? I would suggest some slight investigation, to assure yourself of her sex. If you are satisfied on that score, I would also make a point of finding out whether or not she's true or fickle; maybe she has a boyfriend in every port. Finally, I would insist on seeing her mate's license; maybe all this bit about being a sailor is a cover-up for

something sinister, like perhaps she's really a soldier. However, if you are convinced that she is telling the truth, go ahead and marry her. And good riddance to both of you.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I think you're full of bologna. You told me, a couple of issues ago, that I should marry the girl. So I married her. You've never seen a more miserable wretch than me. She's got me under the thumb so tight I feel like a second-hand thumb tack. I can't go out alone. I can't even cash my paycheck. I can't do a thing. Why don't you drop dead?

NEW GROOM

Dear New Groom:

Dropping dead isn't as easy as it sounds. Have you ever tried it? Come to think of it, maybe that's the solution to your problem. Or, better still, a little rat poison in her tea might work wonders. I am not one to advocate violence, you understand, but you do seem to be in a pickle.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

As an expert in romance, sir, I wonder if you can shed any light or something that seems to have occurred. I am a man in my 70s and I've been quite successful with the ladies for well nigh 60 years. And they seem to

be getting younger. I keep trying to act my age, and go out with babes my own age, but even girls I went to school with seem to be younger all the time. Is this true, or are my senses failing me?

YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME

Dear Younger Than Springtime:

My dear boy, there's nothing wrong with your senses. You're just in the prime of your life. Perhaps the girls do seem younger to you; that's because your heart is young and you see through your heart. Keep it up. Enjoy yourself. I only hope that when I'm your age — in a year or so — I'll still have your faculties. You old goat, you.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a young girl, just blossoming into womanhood. It gives me a strange feeling — sort of like goose pimples with Elvis Presley's picture on each one — whenever I get kissed by a boy. Is this what's meant by sex?

FEELING MY WAY

Dear Feeling My Way:

That's the start of it, child. It is a strange feeling, this sex business. And it's a wonderful feeling. Savor every moment of it. If you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, with your name, address and telephone number, I'll be glad to find time in my

busy schedule to give you some private lessons. At no charge.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am mad for this girl, named Clara-bella. And I've proposed 19.5 times — that half-time doesn't really count; I fell off the sofa in the middle — but she keeps saying, "Dream Foot, I'm sorry, but I don't love you." I've tried everything — getting down on my knees, sending her flowers and expensive gifts, but still no success. Is there a tried and true method of proposing?

TRY AGAIN

Dear Try Again:

No, Sir, there's no tried and true method of proposing. Maybe you're pressing too hard. Usually, these things just sort of happen. A boy will say something innocent like, "Gee, that was a good movie we saw tonight," and the girl will say, "Yes, I will marry you," and that's it. In your case, something more drastic is needed. Have you tried torture? A burning cigarette butt, placed at strategic locations, can often turn a "no" into a "yes." You can often pick up medieval torture devices — racks, thumb screws and other toys — at antique stores. Place her on the

rack and even if she still says no, it'll be a fun evening.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

Do you think I have grounds for suspecting my girl friend's fidelity? The other night, going to pick her up for a date, I spotted a gold convertible outside the door of her house. When I rang the bell, a man's voice said, "Whoever it is, we don't need you." I knocked on the door and called out, "Margie, it's me, Louis," and the man said, "Louie, we don't need you." I crawled up the trellis and peeked in the window and Margie looked out and I could see a man ducking into the closet and she saw me and said, "Louie, we don't need you." So I went away. The next morning, she called up and said, "Louie, where were you when I needed you? You didn't show up for our date last night." And I said to her, "Margie, you were with another man." And she said, "Louie, that witch you saw going into my closet was a pair of slacks just back from the cleaner. And besides, you must have had the wrong house. I was waiting for you all evening and you never showed." But I think she was being unfaithful. Do you think I have reason to be miffed?

MIFFED

Dear Miffed:

Yes.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a girl who's been around. And I never figured I'd fall in love, really fall, especially with a creep like Horace. I usually go out with men with the long green, with gifts and cars and yachts and the whole bit. So I meet this creep, Horace, in a bar one night, and he got friendly and I didn't have anything pressing on the agenda, so I sat with him. I figured, a creep, maybe good for a few laughs. So he ordered me an absinthe and then another and eighteen absintnes later, I'm nuts about this creep, Horace, and we're off to his place for the evening (me, a good girl) and I'm head over heels in love. How can you figure something like that?

INEXPERIENCED

Dear Inexperienced:

Well, they do say that absinthe makes the heart grow fonder. Or maybe it really is true love. It comes when you least expect it; it sneaks up on people in the guise of Romeos and creeps, too. Take it. Relish it. Be grateful for it. Don't ask any questions. Just keep drinking absinthe constantly, otherwise you may lose the glow. ● ● ●



"Go take in a movie, Elrod. I'll think over your request for a raise and leave word — yes or no — with your wife here . . ."

WOLFBAIT

(Continued from page 11)

leaving the wolf in the Jaguar to concoct his evil plans. Which he did, of course.

A short while later, Red arrived at Granny's cottage. The patio was empty, and the swimming pool held only water. This was strange since Granny was generally in one or the other, bikini-attired and glad of it. Red pressed the front doorbell, and the chime answered "How Dry I Am" four times.

"Granny," she said through the screen door, "it's your granddaughter, Little Red Riding Hood."

"I'm in the bedroom, honeypot," a hoarse voice answered.

"Poor Granny must have a cold," Red told herself, as she walked into the house and across the parlor and into the bedroom.

Granny was in bed, covered to the neck with a plaid blanket. She was wearing a green beret.

"I brought you some cold beer, Granny," Red said.

"Thank you, dear," Granny said in a voice that for some reason reminded Red of the wolf in the Jaguar. "Just put it over there by the liquor cabinet for now, will you, and come here and sit down on the bed besides me."

Red did this, and Granny smacked her lips.

"My," Red said, "what big lips you have, Granny."

"The better to kiss you with," Granny said, pulling Red down on the bed and planting a juicy one plunk on her lips.

"Gracious," Red said breathlessly, "and what big hands you have, Gran-

ny."

"The better to hold you with, my dear," Granny said, holding Red in places she'd never been held before.

"And what a large — My goodness," Red said, suddenly realizing, "you're not Granny. You're not Granny at all!"

"Not the least bit," the wolf admitted happily, "and the better to —"

He finished with a statement Red had once seen written on a sidewalk, after which he proceeded to carry out the promise.

After awhile, Red asked, "Whatever in the world happened to Granny?"

"I haven't even seen your sweet little old grandmother," the wolf said,

sighing contentedly.

The closet door burst open and Granny appeared, her bikini askew. "I was in here, dear, helping Hector do his good deed for the day."

A young man in uniform followed her from the closet. "Hector Blodgett, Eagle Scout, reporting!" he snapped, saluting smartly with one hand and hiding a bottle with the other.

They all went into the patio and had some cold beer. The next day little Red Riding Hood went out with the wolf in his Jaguar. Granny invited the entire boy scout troop over for a barbecue, and they all lived sexily ever after.

• • •

Killers of Paris *(Continued from page 35)*

selecting her prospective victims. In the first interview, and over a home cooked meal, she found out exactly what the man could put in the "dot", also whether he was serious or not.

If satisfied she agreed to put a like amount in a trust fund and add her farm to the little nest egg. She found no difficulty in convincing her "moineaux" (canaries), as she called her victims, that secrecy was all important, or that she had leased her Paris apartment under an alias for the same reason.

The second and last meeting was at her farm in Melun. First they transacted their financial business. He brought out his "dot" and she hers. The money was neatly folded in a package and sealed. She then gave him the package until they reached Paris the next day when they would arrange for the trust fund and drew up a new deed on the farm in both their names. She then served a succulent supper, climaxed by a specially prepared dessert generously sprinkled with deadly cyanide which ended the evening's charming tete-a-tete — permanently.

She removed the package of money, which had doubled in a few hours, picked up her "moineau", draped him over her powerful shoulders and carried him to the cellar and dumped him in a vat filled with quick-lime.

Hortense exercised extraordinary will power over herself and others. She conquered greed which she knew could only result in her downfall, and never touched valuables from her victims other than money. In a careless moment a piece of jewelry could be mislaid and recognized if found. She

didn't worry about her neighbors gossiping if they saw her bringing a man to the farm. She volunteered the information herself saying he wasn't the right sort of mate for her and it was unlikely she would see him again.

As she brought only one stranger to the farm each year and led an exemplary life the rest of the time, at least in Melun if not in Paris, she aroused no suspicion in her long life of crime.

At her trial she readily admitted having disposed of twenty victims — one a year. She always made sure that the "dot" was from 15,000 to 25,000 francs; she seldom went beyond that figure because larger sums could have attracted attention and led to unpleasant inquiries.

By her own admission she operated "Murder for Profit" for 22 years when the Judge asked her why the remains of only 20 victims were discovered, she sardonically replied that the first two years were spent "learning the business".

Her last victim and the richest — his "dot" was 45,000 francs — was her undoing. He did what she always feared one of her "moineaux" might do someday: he told his sister of his projected trip to Paris where he was going to meet a lady with whom he had been corresponding for sometime. When he returned he praised Hortense to the skies and said he was going to marry her. He also told her he was going to visit her on the farm in Melun to complete certain arrangements between them.

When two weeks passed and she did not hear from her brother, she notified the police, told them all she knew and

LaHonte's arrest followed quickly.

She made no effort, on the contrary she readily admitted her mass killings for profit and appeared totally unconcerned. Didn't her crimes weigh on her conscience during these long years?

"Why should they?" she said. They provided me with 20 years of good living didn't they? This was to be my last victim, that's why I decided on a man richer than the others — my first serious mistake. I am 58 and have no more physical attraction for men, but my money has and had I continued I could have become the baiter instead of the baiter! That's why he was to be my last victim."

Had Hortense married her last "moineau" instead of killing him, she might never have been caught, and lived the life of perfect crime.

Was she sent to the guillotine? Of course not. She was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to life imprisonment. She died eight years later. Curiously, the name LaHonte translated means "the disgraceful."

If Jean Landru had been a contemporary of Hortense LaHonte, a dreadful thought comes to mind at these two monsters collaborating into a partnership. Landru, with variations of his own, employed many methods similar to those of his female predecessor.

The big difference between them was in appearance. LaHonte was outwardly at least a pleasant, jovial person inspiring confidence while Landru was a sinister looking character. He had an ashen face, deep set eyes, bushy eyebrows and a long square black beard, which served as a sort of frame for the repulsive face.

He operated a small cheap second-

hand furniture store on the left bank of the Seine, where once in a great while he sold an antique piece to a connoisseur. He had an uncanny fascination for women in their late forties and early fifties who saw in the man a sort of somber mystic similar to Gregory Efimovich Rasputin, whose influence over the Tsarist regime brought about its downfall.

Landru lived in Chantilly, a suburb of Paris, where he had a small villa. Occasionally, he stayed overnight at a cheap hotel for business reasons. The most damning evidence at his trial was the diary, which became known as the "calpin noir" (black notebook). In it were fourteen specific entries extending over a period of several years.

Each entry was preceded by a figure ranging from 1,500 to 9,000 francs. There were also details of sales; 2 chairs, a table, a lamp and such. The cash derived from these sales was added to the major figure. Then, in another column, the minutest expenses were set down, even to a few cents for a newspaper.

The most baffling entry was this one: A one-way ticket and a round trip ticket to Chantilly. This entry was repeated fourteen times in Landru's black note book, but there were no names or initials on any of its pages.

His villa in Chantilly was as mysterious as himself. Neighbors frequently complained of acrid smoke from its chimneys and the stench it spread over the countryside. Tongues began to wag when he was seen on several occasions enter his villa accompanied by a woman

— but never the same one.

Inquisitive neighbors peeked through drawn curtains at Landru's sombre abode but learned nothing. Some wrote to the police complaining about smoke and its unpleasant odors, but France was at war and the police had more important preoccupations than smoke and odors. Letters were also reaching headquarters from various sections of the country, reporting missing relatives — aunts, sisters, cousins. But again during war times women disappeared for many reasons, so nothing was done about it. When the war finally ended and letters about missing persons continued to pour in, the police decided to look into the matter. The letters said their relatives had gone to Paris to see a certain Jean Landru who owned a store on the left bank of the Seine. Some of the missing persons had not been heard from in over a year.

So, the police paid a visit to Landru. From that day on until his trial, Landru never replied to a question with a direct yes or no. Asked if he was married, Landru replied that "most men were." As the investigation progressed, it was quickly discovered that Landru had married many women in Paris and elsewhere. The names of these women tallied with those of the missing persons.

Landru in each case had used his own name. To the police this was a little too obvious. It looked as if he had intentionally committed bigamy. It later developed that is exactly what he had done. Anticipating the inevitable day of his arrest, he had pur-

posely left a long trail of bigamy which would mean only a comparatively light sentence. When he was arrested on a charge of bigamy, his only comment was, "he couldn't resist women any more than they could resist him."

But with the names of his brides tallying with those of the reported missing persons, the charge against him was changed from bigamy to murder.

L'Affaire Landru, the Bluebeard mass murderer, was now the sensation of Paris. every detail of his awesome life was vividly reported. Comedians joked about it; song writers composed ditties which were sung everywhere. His trial was a Cause Celebre and still is in French jurisprudence.

Meanwhile, the police questioned hundreds of witnesses in Chantilly. His villa was literally torn apart. Every inch of the ground was dug up deep; furnace ashes were sifted and analyzed, but nothing — *nothing* was ever found.

Many questions remained unanswered in the Landru case. How did he dispose of his victims? No proof of robbery was ever established, only entries in a notebook and no names.

Was Landru's guilt established "beyond a reasonable doubt" or was he convicted because everyone in the courtroom from the Judge down felt there was no doubt of his guilt?

His presence in the courtroom spread an eerie feeling, it chilled your bones; here was something evil, inhuman, a spawn of Satan. There was no sentimentalism in the case of Landru. He was sentenced to death and guillotined. Paris breathed easier. ● ● ●

Jem Dandys Food and Drink Dept. (Continued from page 23)

(that's what Robinson called it) by any name when he added gin.

"Leave out the gin and add the syne of applejack," she muttered, tossing old soggy apples at our host as our balloon soared off in search of a suitable place to dine.

We were soaring over an old orchard, debating on whether to sup at the White Tower or Howard Johnson's, when an arrow suddenly punctured the gasbag, and down we went into the parking lot of the Honest Injun, a Jersey drive-in for broomsticks, drumsticks and assorted gasbags.

Tethering our balloon with one of Lady R.'s hatpins, we chanced upon the Honest Injun himself beheading a fine October turkey, and after exchanging sufficient wampum and the scalps of

several passersby, we persuaded him to part with the recipe for the following delectible. Suffice it to say that it is as fine a way to stuff Lady R. and, at the same time, utilize the applejack left over from bobbing, as we have ever chanced upon.

The stuffing: Saute the turkey liver and heart in butter with minced onion and diced celery. Then chop and add to a cup of cooked rice and two cups of bread crumbs — to which two tablespoons of applejack have been added. Stir in a half cup of broken up butternuts, season with a half teaspoon each of sage and nutmeg, a quarter teaspoon each of thyme, rosemary, and marjoram.

The bird: Stuff it! While roast-

ing, baste with a mixture of water, butter and applejack, increasing the applejack in the last half hour of roasting.

All this, as we said, proved sufficient to stuff Lady R., and as we headed for the parking lot her resonant belches helped re-inflate our fly-yourselves balloon.

Before you could say applejack, we were off into the wild blue yonder, and Lady R. was gently snoring. It seemed redundant, speaking of Jack, to return to Mr. Robinson's at this point.

It was almost two days before the Honest Injun caught up with us. Our anchor, it seemed, had become entangled with his scalp, and he was screaming:

"Toupee, or not toupee." ● ● ●

jim dandy witch. Let's go."

"Go where?"

"Off to training school, of course. Witchita State University. Come on, get aboard."

So I hopped on her broom and away we went. We were there — wherever that is — in thirty winks. And I spent two happy months at school, learning my trade.

I'm sorry I can't tell you all the subjects we studied. Some are still listed as classified material. But I can tell you the names of a few of them — how to fly, of course; how to cast spells and also how to spell casts (C-A-S-T-S); how to become invisible; how to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; and many other helpful things.

When I was about to graduate, I was called into the office of the Dean of Women. And we talked about my future. There are many branches a witch can specialize in—general witchery, mother-in-lawism, rock-and-roll, seduction, teaching, nursing, and so on. I decided to be a seductionologist, that being my natural bent.

So I was sent, for post-graduate studies, to one of the well-known women's colleges. There my soul entered the body of a young and attractive freshman named Angela Pforzmeister.

Angela, poor thing, was expelled within three weeks. Of course, she was innocent of any wrong-doing and I regret that I ruined her life, but I had to learn. During Angela's three-week binge, she managed to seduce 18 male students, two instructors, one assistant professor, one janitor, the father of her roommate and a member of the college's board of directors. This is still considered, in witch annals, the catch-as-catch-can seduction record.

And so I was given my degree and was assigned a territory. I was sworn in with impressive ceremonies in Witchita, taking the famous Withocratic Oath:

"I, Beulah Broome, do solemnly swear that I will do my best to be my worst at all times; that I will look for the weakness in men and exploit it; that I will preach the doctrine that every silver lining has a dark cloud; that I will continually strive to prove that all women are witches at heart."

And, with a tearful farewell from the Dean of Women, I was off to my assignment — to practice the fine art of seduction in and around Milwaukee and, of course, to keep my eyes open for any likely witch candidates.

You may ask if I had any reservations about my career. None whatsoever. This was the life I wanted. For the first time since I was a child in Coffeyville, I was really happy. For me, it was the ideal existence. To witch his own, as they say.

I landed in Milwaukee on a Tuesday. I flew a few brief scouting sorties around the city and picked a likely looking body to settle in. It belonged I later found out, to a pretty little housewife named Fredonia Schlitz. Her husband was a hops sniffer for Budweiser.

I picked a married woman because of the challenge. It is simple for a single girl to be a master (or is it

mistress?) of seduction. But a married woman has a little more difficult row to hoe. I wanted to start out with a tough job. It was the spirit of youth and adventure and daring in me.

The next day, Fredonia was successful. A fireman came around selling tickets for the firemen's ball and he and Fredonia worked out a simple barter arrangement. It was easy. Later in the week, she repeated with her husband's best friend. The next night, she was shot and killed by her husband after a particularly nasty scene.

Her death, naturally, had no effect on my career. Oh, there was a twinge of remorse — I am human, after all — but I had my job to do. A short trip on my broom, another desirable body, and I was back in business.

Within six months, I had seduced 175 men, been responsible for 18 murders, six divorces and about 35 black eyes. It was a thrilling and rewarding



"I'll have you know I don't do things like that with strangers . . . what did you say your name was?"

period. And, along the way, I managed to recruit 16 girls for the glorious sisterhood of the night, which is what we some times call the practice of witchery.

At the conclusion of that six months period, I was summoned back to headquarters, given a medal and a dangerous mission.

Our commander spoke to me in the gravest of tones.

"Broome," she said, "there's a young lady at Vassar who refuses to have anything to do with men. This is not unusual, but we've sent two of our best operators. But they still couldn't get her to cooperate. Now, if this thing gets out of hand, you can understand what that would mean."

And she spread her hands to indicate such a development would be a major catastrophe.

I agreed. While witches can easily get inside the bodies of mortals, there must be some cooperation from the mortal. All that witches are, in fact, is the subconscious mind coming to the fore. If a mortal — such as this girl at Vassar — were to resist, the whole witch movement could collapse.

"Broome," the commander went on, "you have a marvelous record. I want you to try. Go out there and fight. Win this one for Alma Mater."

So off I sped to Vassar. My quarry — her name was Virginia Frigid — was easily spotted. She was tall, built on the grand scale with a tremendous bosom and a shock of sexy red hair. I quickly slipped inside her body, and almost immediately felt cold. This was a sensation I had never experienced. Most bodies are warm and I always felt comfortable and welcome inside them. But Virginia Frigid had a freezing body. And it made me feel unwanted, afraid, miserable.

That night, she had a date with a handsome football hero from Colgate. He did his best and I did my best. But Virginia wouldn't. She laughed at him — and I thought I detected a note that she was laughing at me, too — and, being an expert at jiu jitsu, she tossed him into the reservoir.

Virginia went home in high spirits, but I was utterly dejected. It was my first failure. Then I had an idea.

Through our thought transference system, I contacted headquarters. I had them assign a son-of-a-witch (that's the male outfit with which we witches have a loose working agreement) to the body of the Colgate football hero. I figured if we could work together, we

might have a chance of saving her from a fate worse than death — virginity — toward which her conduct was inexorably heading.

They had another date three days later. The son-of-a-witch inside the football player took charge, as I directed. There was no more soft soap, no gentle little college tricks. I had decided that the only answer was to shock her into her senses.

So the college boy slugged Virginia, knocking her cold. But right there he stopped.

"What's going on?" I messaged to the son-of-a-witch.

"I don't know," he messaged back. "Something seems to be wrong with the motor. He just stopped."

"Well, get it going again. We've got to get cracking."



But he couldn't. I heard the son-of-a-witch scream, and then the football hero ran away.

This was approaching tragic proportions. Virginia woke up eventually and we both went home. She seemed very nonchalant about the whole episode. She didn't report the football hero, or say anything about it to anyone. It was as if she wasn't concerned, as if she'd known all along his attack wouldn't be successful.

For two weeks, I tried every trick at my command. But without success. Virginia Frigid would go so far but no further. I was at a loss for an explanation. Her behavior was against human nature.

And then one day, in a twinkling, I found the answer. I was wandering

idly around inside Virginia, trying to see if all her glands were in working order, when I suddenly stumbled on a shrew busily unplugging the pituitary.

Now shrews are another union entirely, much less widespread, much more evil than witches. They try to make old hags out of girls, while we try to make honest, upstanding witches out of them. You can see we are the much nicer union.

"Aha," I said, "so that's the trouble."

"Aha yourself," said the shrew. "We'll see which union is the more powerful. I don't think this body will ever be any good to a man when I get through with it."

So it turned out that the only thing wrong with Virginia Frigid was that she was the victim of a jurisdictional dispute between two unions.

The matter was turned over to the NLRB—National Love Relations Board — who ruled in our favor, since we had jurisdiction over beautiful women. The decision said that shrews had to confine their organizational activities to ugly women exclusively. It was a ruling that had very important ramifications.

The night after the Board ruled on the case, I dashed back inside Virginia, quickly repaired all the damage the shrew had caused, and relaxed. She felt warm again and I knew we'd have a grand night. We did. (The shrew was picketing outside, carrying a sign reading, "This body unfair to shrews," but nobody paid any attention to her.) The football hero came around — he was a never-say-die type, fortunately.

Like I said, a grand night.

That was, by far, the toughest case I've ever had to handle. Most of my job is fairly routine. Find a body, enter it, get together with the subconscious mind and then sit back and have a ball.

It's a good career for a girl, witchery. I recommend it highly. You're always well fed, satisfied in mind and spirit and body, and you have the inner satisfaction of knowing you're doing something for your fellow man.

So, if you know any girls who are lonely and unhappy, just tell them to wait until they hear a whirring, see a And, if they're too importanteo:otcTb light, and hear far-off cackling laughter. And, if they're too impatient to wait for that day, tell them to practice a little first. It will be good for them in the end.

• • •

We urge that you remain alert, however: sometimes JEM disappears faster than lipstick in a game of spin-the-bottle. You may even have to become resourceful as are the men of Harvard. There, our Cambridge spy reports, JEM was being brought in from New York in mass quantities by returning weekenders after they discovered JEM was in short supply around Beantown.

Other magazines, we know (J.D. reads over people's shoulders in the turkish bath), tell their readers what's coming next. Well, sir, we won't spill the beans. Why should we, for example, pin J.D. down to some beautiful gal a whole month ahead of time when he's got thirty days to whistle up a buxom surprise?

How does J.D. do it? Well you may ask. He seems to have an irresistible charm, and despite the words which accompany the pictures starting on page 36 of the young lady in the phone booth (Belle Telephone, mayhap?) you would not be wrong to assume she is actually calling Jem Dandy himself — and getting the old busy signal.

* * *

It could even be that J.D. runs into situations like the footloose sailor who spied a sandlot football match in progress as he strolled along.

Parking himself on a bench beside a comely lass, he asked:

"Whose game?"

"Why, I am," she said, coyly.

* * *

If J.D. seems a little bewitched in this issue, what with R. Fred Arnold's "Broom and Board" (page 6), Al Mayer's piece on "Killers of Paris" (page 32) and the latest classic rewrite, "The Jumping Toad" (page 42), it's because he figured you'd find it an absorbing way to keep your blood circulating on a cold winter's eve.

Author (and old-time celebrity hobnobber) Al Mayer confided to J.D., by the way, that even he wasn't sure of the guilt of some of the suspected murdering ladies of Poree he writes about.

"It's just that after listening to the testimony," he explained, "I felt uneasy being alone in the same room with them."

* * *

Nobody's heard much about the much headlined Christine Jorgensen lately. But J.D., has found a successor for Christine's faded fame — and unfaded femme whose story is told in pictures starting on page 12. "This Was a Man?" is the title, and an apt poser it is, indeed. Since even the

camera can't tell the answer in this case, you'll have to rely on J.D.'s superior sources of intelligence.

* * *

In case the libation of the month, etched on fine old mahogany in Jem Dandy's own Food & Drink Dept. (page 22), doesn't have sufficient voltage for you, we suggest you hie yourself to Sao Paulo, Brazil, where the less effete natives quaff a raw Brazilian rum (at about sixty cents a fifth).

They call it a three-man drink. Reason: When one man drinks it, he needs two others to hold him down.

* * *

Texas tall stories keep pouring in ever since J.D., recounted some choice Texasana in Diamond Dust several moons ago.

There's the Texan who has three swimming pools on his ranch. One is filled with hot water. One is filled with cold water. The third is empty. Some of his friends don't swim.

And there's the Texan who bought his dog a Cadillac to chase.

* * *

Oh, well, as they say on Madison Avenue, home of the gray flannel bird watchers, "Let's hang on to the rail. You can never tell where it will wag us."

● ● ●

The Waterfall (Continued from page 25)

battered and drowned . . . she hugged herself with thin bare arms, and clutched dizzily at the rail, almost hypnotized by the tumult and the sound of the distant waterfall.

After a long time, aware that she was cramped and stiff and, in spite of the hot night, chilly, she straightened and slowly turned from the lonely railing. Behind her the castle lay far-flung, a great and sprawling mass of stone and echoing silence; the empty courtyards gave resonant sighs as her silk-shod feet whispered on the flags, and even her own breathing seemed to stir an echoing murmur. The icy cold of the stones crept up her stiffened legs, through her tense young body, and throbbed in her taut breasts and throat. From very far away, Sybil heard a halt, clash, a challenge, the echo of ringing steps, and silence: the guards were making their nightly rounds. Hurry-

ing her steps a little, she slipped shadow-like under an archway, where she paused a moment, sheltering against the sudden chilly sweep of a night breeze: her thin silken dress left arms and shoulders bare. Then she started, catching her hands to her throat with a little squeak of surprise as a light, thrust abruptly forward, rayed harshly across her face. Half blinded, she pressed her fingers over her eyes: then, as her pupils slowly adjusted to the light, she lowered her hands to see a man's face above the crude flare of the lantern. A strange face, dark and grizzled and — surprised.

"Well now! Look what I found!"

Sybil shrank back as the unfamiliar face spread into a wide grin. The voice was deep and harsh, almost hoarse, but it sounded good-natured. "What are you doing here, you?"

The spreading light was less painful

to Sybil's eyes now: she could distinguish red shoulder-straps on a grey doublet, and understood that this was one of the mercenaries who guarded the castles — paid soldiers, hired bullies. She had seen them, from time to time: they bowed deeply when she passed, and lowered their eyes in humility when, as sometimes happened, she spoke a condescending word, a minor command. But this was one whose face she had never seen before — and never before had one of them dared to address her uninvited, by so much as a word.

She said coldly, "Go about your business, fellow."

"Easy, there, wench," the man chuckled. "My business is right here, seeing who goes in and out. What's yours?"

Sybil's small white teeth clamped in her lip. It would be too humiliating to

identify herself to this — this rough-neck! She saw that he was a thick-set man, with a heavy neck and burly broad shoulders, and his grin, through untidily sprouting whiskers, showed very strong white teeth — “Like a horse’s!” she thought in fascinated disgust.

“I live here,” she said shortly.

The man laughed. “And so do fifty other women, but I’ll take your word for it. Come, give us a kiss, girl, and I’ll let you go.” He bent and set the lantern on the ground, then deliberately stepped toward her, and Sybill too frozen in amazement to move — felt rough hands seize her bare arms. The hoarse, chuckling voice was very close to her ear. “Who were you looking for? Won’t I do instead?”

Paralyzed, a horrid sick emptiness clawing inside her belly, Sybill felt the knotty arms close round her waist, felt her feet leave the ground as he caught her up bodily against his chest, and the stubbled face scraped against her soft cheek. For a moment she hung limp, unable to move a muscle — this *couldn’t* be happening — then, in a tetanic convulsion of terror, she exploded like a frantic cat, arching backward, silently clawing at her captor. She opened her mouth to scream, but her dry throat would give voice only to a little whimper of terror.

“Take it easy, hell-cat,” the strange voice muttered in the dark. She felt rough and weathered fingers searching the silks and ribbons that confined her breast, and her voice suddenly came back in a choking scream.

“Put me down! How dare you? You’ll be flayed alive for this!”

Something in her imperious command, even in the shrillness of hysteria, came through to the man, and he set her abruptly on her feet, snatching up the lantern. “In the name of all the saints,” he swore, “*Who are you?*”

She swayed as he released her, a dizziness blurring her eyes, and caught for support at the rough stonework, steadying herself with a hand flattened out against the cold surface of the wall. She swallowed and ran her tongue over her lips, and her own voice — the same voice that the court minstrel had compared to the cooing of a pigeon — sounded high and strange.

“I am Sybil-Marie Marceau,” she said hoarsely, “and the Lord Ludovic will have the skin stripped from your body in ribbons an inch wide!”

“Lady Sybil!” The man’s voice was husky and disbelieving. He said protestingly “But I thought —” and then he sagged and leaned back. A curious little stab, like a cramp in her belly, not unpleasant, suddenly weakened Sybill’s knees again as she contemplated the whitening face. He stared, gulped audibly once or twice. After a moment

he collected himself somewhat; the hoarse voice was puzzled and apologetic, but if Sybil had disappointed him to cringe — and she had — she was addily disappointed.

“My lady, I must beg your forgiveness, I took you for a serving girl — and in the name of Saint Sara of the Gypsies,” he finished rationally, “What are you doing, my lady, out here in the courtyard and the night air, in your smock like any wench from the kitchens?”

Sybil blinked, suddenly on the defensive again. She started to say I wanted to look at the waterfall, then realized that she need not explain herself to this man. He was holding the lantern close to her face now; his face emerged still more clearly, rough-cut and bronzed, a seamed scar across his cheek, but with twinkling dark eyes that even now looked good-humored. His lips were still parted slightly, and his breath none too steady as he said “Well, my little lady, it’s perfectly true that I’d be buzzard meat if you wanted

Who loves not wine, women
and song,
He is a fool his whole
life long.

to make trouble for me, but you would not do a thing like that, would you? I meant no harm, you know, and after all, who’d expect the lady Sybil to be running about the courtyards after moonrise?” His smile was coaxing, almost intimate. “I can only say that I’m sorry — or maybe I’m not,” he finished suddenly, “if you’d not told me who you were, maybe I’d wanted more than a kiss, and taken it too!”

Sybil swayed slightly, and this time, without apology, he put his arms behind her shoulders and bent to support her.

“I feel — faint,” she whispered, letting herself fall limp against him, her head dropping pliantly into the hollow of his shoulder. She could feel the slow pounding of his heart through his thick rough jerkin, and she buried her forehead still more closely into the heat of him. Her hands felt icy cold; shivering, she caught one of his warm ones and pressed it to her throat. “I — I can’t — breathe —”

She closed her eyes as he lifted her again; she hung swaying, suspended as it seemed between air and fire, and felt again the strange ecstatic sensation of hurling, tumbling, flying, falling . . . the waterfall-spume roaring in her face . . . when she opened her eyes

he had laid her down in a sheltered grass-plot opening from one of the courtyards, and was kneeling at her side, his rough hands working with deft blunt motions at the ribbons imprisoning her breasts. She breathed deeply and said, still faint, “Now I feel better . . . I don’t know what happened to me.” When he would have drawn his hands hesitantly away again she captured and held them. “No, no . . . don’t let me go,” she begged, feeling the cold emptiness surge back.

It was strange, shaking and strange, the surge tremble that overwhelmed her; never before had she known any touch like this; not the fumbling and sweatily respectful hand-kiss, fingertouch of her brother’s esquires, the cold paternal hand of the priest on her forehead, the hot giggling clasp of her girl companions . . . they knew nothing of this hard rough hunger, so gentle for all its fierceness. “Little hell-cat,” he said huskily, “you don’t even know what it is you want, do you? But I do, I do.”

She fastened her mouth over his, savagely biting at his stiff lips, struggling furiously — not in protest but eagerness — against the gently pressure as he strained her to him. There was a writhing, a straining, a forcing stab of agony; she felt the damp dew on her back, icy cold through the thin silk of her dress, his heavy rough hairiness drowning her silken breasts; she twisted and fought, but not with any desire to escape; rather in the same savage determination with which she fought to grip an untamed horse with her thin thighs, the same grim conflict as when she struggled to hood an unruly falcon . . .

She pushed away his hot kisses as the man’s spent breathing hissed past his parted teeth, and sat up, swiftly re-tying her shoulder ribbons with flying, shaking fingers. Was this the ineffable joy of life, the pleasure about which other girls giggled and whispered and squealed their delight? She pushed his hand from her shoulders when he would have assisted her, her whole body flinching in revulsion; she was bruised and shaken, and she clenched her teeth tight to keep them from chattering, breaking into his whispered stream of endearments with a quick “Take me back! They will be looking for me!”

He raised her, as he might pick up a child who had stumbled, and she drew a deep breath, something . . . she hardly knew what . . . growing to swift birth inside her tight, throbbing breasts, inside her aching body. She forced herself to conceal her shaking and her smile, then leaned her head hard against his encircling arm and

whispered with deliberate pathos, "Yes, you must take me back, I am almost a prisoner, you know."

He supported her faltering steps, almost carrying her, whispering, "Yes, yes, my little silken bird, my little rose." He paused at the edge of the archway, retrieving his lantern from its hiding-place, and looked at her, saying hesitantly "Little lady, you cannot return like this!"

In the crude light, Sybil looked down at her crushed torn ribbons, her crumpled and stained robe, tasting blood with a slow satisfaction. She touched her tangled curls with exploring fingers, as he persuaded "Come, little one, smooth your dress, let me fasten your sash. No one must see you like this."

Sybil tilted her head to one side, hearing the sound for which she had been waiting; the clash of pikes, the ringing step and the challenge. She clenched her small fists, smiling up at him.

"Must they not?" she murmured, then suddenly whirled, breaking away from him, and cried out imperiously "Guard! Guard, to me!"

"What —" the man took a backward step; but booted feet, running, echoed in harsh sequence on the flagstones and an explosion of lights burst in their faces. The face of a steel-capped guard — ("A candle to my sweet saint Sybil, it's a guard who knows me!") thrust through the archway, and a startled voice gasped "Lady Sybil"

She pointed, in a dramatic gesture. "Kill him!" she commanded, her voice breaking on what she herself would have taken for a wild sob of shame, had she heard it from another throat. The guard's face whitened, and she saw herself reflected in his eyes, the swollen lips oozing a trickle of bitten blood, the torn silks displaying the curve of her white and immature breast, a hint of her narrow little thighs. The guard spat out a cry of horror and called to his confederates; Sybil turned away, modestly mantling her face with her hair, as a second guard appeared behind the first and his face echoed all the changes she had seen in the first. A tiny smile of contempt trembled on Sybil's lips, but she turned it into a piteous grimace, widening her eyes as she looked at the man in whose arms she had lain only a moment ago. She whispered pathetically "The Lord Ludovic must not know of this . . . my honor lies in your hands, Guard! But how can it be . . . if he were to fall into the waterfall . . . ?"

And now she saw the blanching of terror, the whitening of nostril and jaw as the man's dark eyes, shorn of

their good humor, sought hers in entreaty.

"Lady . . . little lady . . ." he gasped helplessly, and his hoarse and husky voice, as when he had whispered endearments, sent a thrill of warmth through her.

"Seize him," she commanded, and watched the Guards expertly pinion his arms; followed, hugging herself with thin arms, her torn draperies twinkling white flesh through their tatters, as they hustled him rudely toward the cliff. He was shouting now, hoarse indecencies, until one of the Guards jammed a hand over his mouth. They struggled briefly at the edge of the cliff, swaying, and suddenly Sybil felt a wild thrill surging through her body. It knifed hotly through her breasts, overwhelming as a kiss; stabbed fluid warmth through her body, gripped her thighs in a vise of pleasure. She gasped, her breath jolting out on the cresting heat of passion, and cried aloud in unbearable delight as the man's figure tottered on the ledge, clawed wildly at the railing, then flailed and disappeared. Sybil sank down in the grass, breathing in deep sobs, knowing at last what was the real joy of love. Vaguely, submerged in her overwhelming surge of emotion, she wondered what his name had been, how she could discovered his name; she would remember it in her prayers at the next mass for the dead . . . she became aware that a Guard was bend-

ing solicitously over her. She was too weak and spent with joy to stand alone, and leaned on him, swaying helplessly, as he raised her.

"Lady Sybil," he said gently, "I swear your secret is safe with me. I will see you safely to the women's stairway; only see you that your maids do not gossip, and this night's work shall never be known." He guided her tottering steps with reverent hands. "Poor little lady, if I had been near, that beast would never have dared . . ."

She lowered her long lashes. "What is your name? I would thank my — my preserver in my prayers."

"Raoul, my lady."

"Raoul — you will not find me — ungrateful," she whispered, "I shall remember — Raoul." She would not make that mistake twice. Again the unbearable pleasure gusted up in her body as she saw his thin dark face so foolish and soft with a sudden, incredible hope. She murmured "I can find my way alone from here, Raoul. But I — often walk here in the evening. Will you protect me?"

She looked at the Guard and smiled, not hearing his stammered reply. With him, the terror need not strike for a day or two . . . maybe three. Now she knew her power, she could wait for her pleasure.

She smiled, with the drunken joy of the woman who has discovered true love, and ran lightly up the stairs to her chamber. ● ● ●



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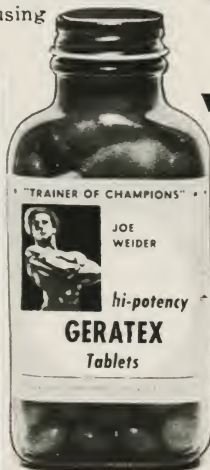
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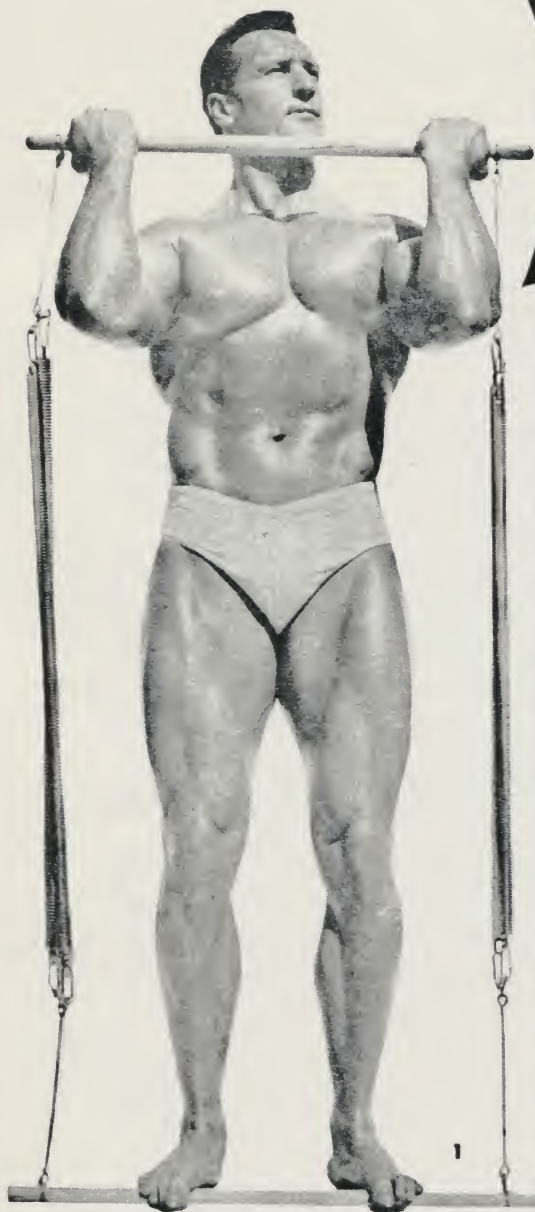
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YOUR WAY TO A SUPER STRONG BODY

This Enjoyable Home Gym Way

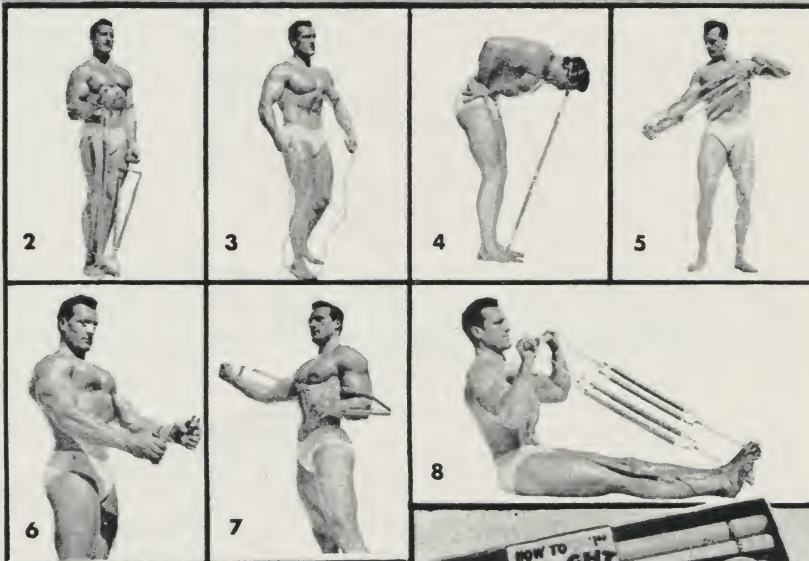
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This versatile steel cable home gym set develops powerful, he-man muscles F-A-S-T! Scientific exercise principle trains muscles from every conceivable angle, exactly in manner endorsed by Mr. America winners. Ideal for the beginner to give him a real start in championship muscularity, and perfect for the more advanced bodybuilder to combine with his regular weight training for faster, all around muscle growth. Constructed of finest steel springs, metal fittings and enamelled attachments, this set can only be purchased from us. Your complete satisfaction guaranteed! Fully illustrated course of instructions shows you how to gain greatest benefit from outfit, right in your own home. Comes shipped in sturdy storage carton, can be easily transported, needs very small space for use and is noiseless in operation. See photos for a few of the many muscle building exercises you can do with this outfit.

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1. Barbell Attachment. For massive arm, back and leg power.
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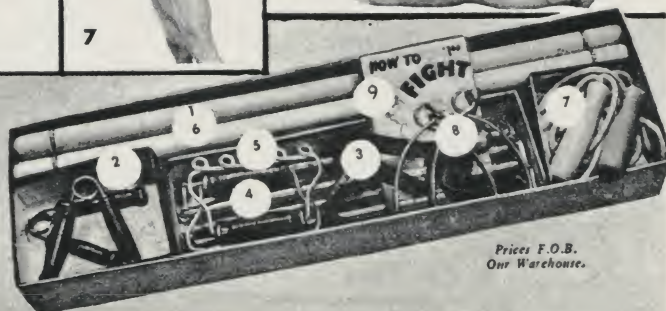
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All orders shipped promptly. Prices FOB our warehouse. No COD's

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build you always wanted**

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TO-DAY — a mountain of mighty muscles, 200 pounds of them, with Herculean 18-inch arms — magnificent 50-inch chest, and shoulders a yard wide. Here you see power oozing out of every pore in his "Mr. Canada" title-winner body. Another dream come true! A Weider Champion.



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